This ficlet, which contains Sam/Gabriel and koosh balls, is for **butterflywrites**'s birthday. It is unashamedly silly, and you might want to have some sugar while you read it. Or hot chocolate.

(It starts with koosh balls.)

It starts with koosh balls. Sam's finding them everywhere - in his bag, in the Impala, in the soap tray during his showers - and he doesn't know if he should be anything other than freaked out, but when Dean turns one up in *his* shower, Sam can't help but be horribly amused and freaked out at the same time.

Besides, he thought he knew all of Dean's swears. Either Dean's been hanging out with sailors or surfing the internet, because he's never heard *that* before.

"Sammy," Dean says, once he's dry and dressed. "Who did you piss off?"

"Isn't that your job?" Sam asks, because no, he hasn't annoyed anyone recently. Besides Dean, that is. He's thinking hard, though, as they haven't faced down many witches recently, and somehow he doubts that Castiel would leave them koosh everywhere.

Dean grumbles and drops more of the koosh balls on the table. He's not going to dignify Sam with an answer, and instead turns to moving koosh from his stuff and onto the table.

Sam takes one look at the growing pile of koosh and sets to excavating his. Soon they have at mountain of koosh balls on the table, and Sam is beginning to suspect that the things were breeding when he wasn't looking.

"Okay, what the hell." Dean says, stopping his search. "Are they *spawning*? Because I did *not* have ten of these things in my bag when we started."

Sam frowned. "Okay, seriously, who'd we piss off?"

Dean opened his mouth and started to reply, but the sound of snapping fingers froze him. Sam immediately swung around to face the snapper.

Gabriel. "What are you doing here?"

Gabriel grinned, snapped again, and Dean vanished.

Sam could do nothing except put his face in his hands. Because. Of course. Right. *Now* it made sense, especially after last week's adventure with Gabriel in the shower, and the jokes about tribbles and -

"I'm not exactly allowed to make real tribbles, Sam." Gabriel said, before stepping in and kissing him, firmly. That turned Sam's next statements into 'Murpglf-mmmm', and Gabriel beamed when he broke the kiss.

"But why koosh?" Sam asked, after a moment.

"But why not? Have you played with these things?" Gabriel asked, sauntering over to the table and picking up a few. A moment later he was juggling them as if he had worked in the circus all his life.

Sam put his head in his hands again.

"C'mon, watch me, Sammy! This takes skill, y'know!"

Sam reluctantly watched Gabriel juggle eight of the kooshes at once, and sighed. "Can you at least make them stop breeding in Dean's stuff?"

"Yes, on one condition."

There was that sinking feeling again. "What is it?"

"Dean lives with koosh hair for exactly twelve hours, and you get me one photograph of it."

"That's two conditions."

"Take it or leave it."

"...make them stop breeding in my stuff, and yes. I'll get a picture."

"You owe me hot sex later, Sammy," Gabriel said, entirely too cheerfully, and snapped his fingers.

"What is my *life*?" Sam asked the air in the moment between Gabriel's disappearance and before Dean appeared again.

And as if in answer, Dean reappeared, with orange and pink koosh hair.

That kind of explained a lot, Sam thought.